

Angel Nellie

Waiting AT THE
Old Linden
Tree.

WORDS & MUSIC BY

B. R. HANBY.

CHICAGO.

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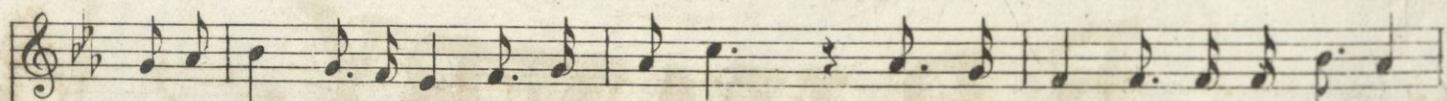
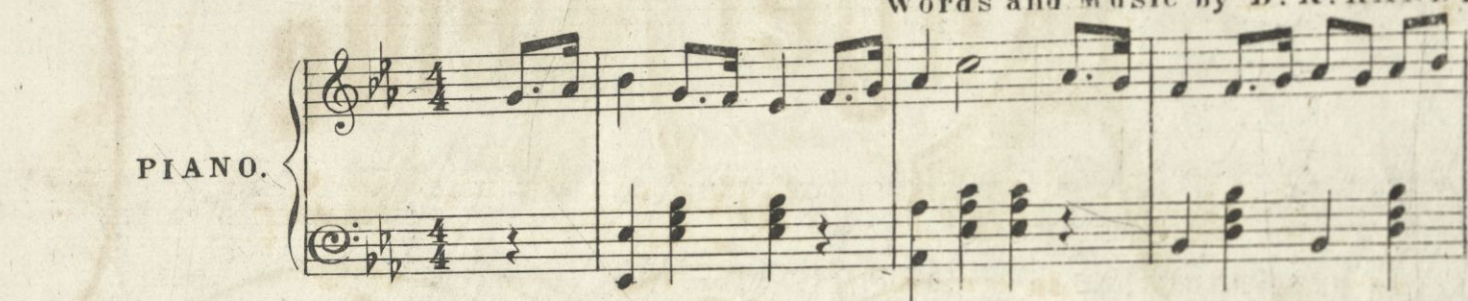
ANGEL NELLIE.
OF

OF

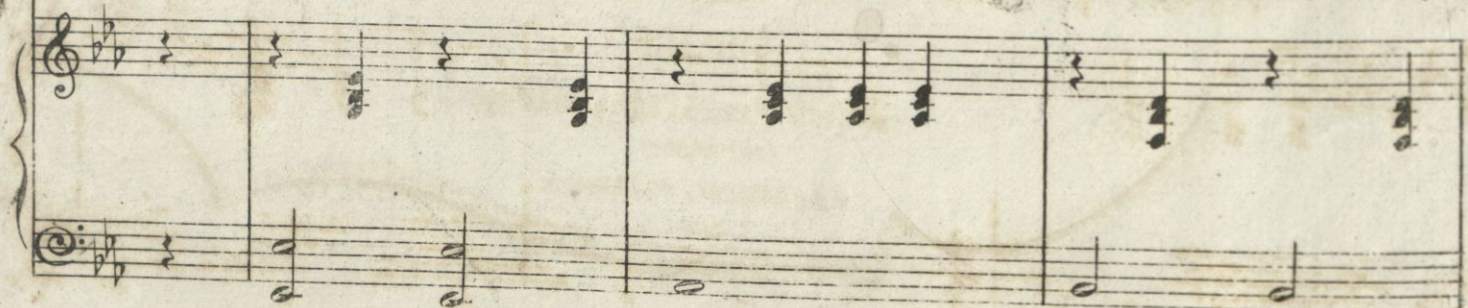
Waiting at the OLD LINDEN TREE.

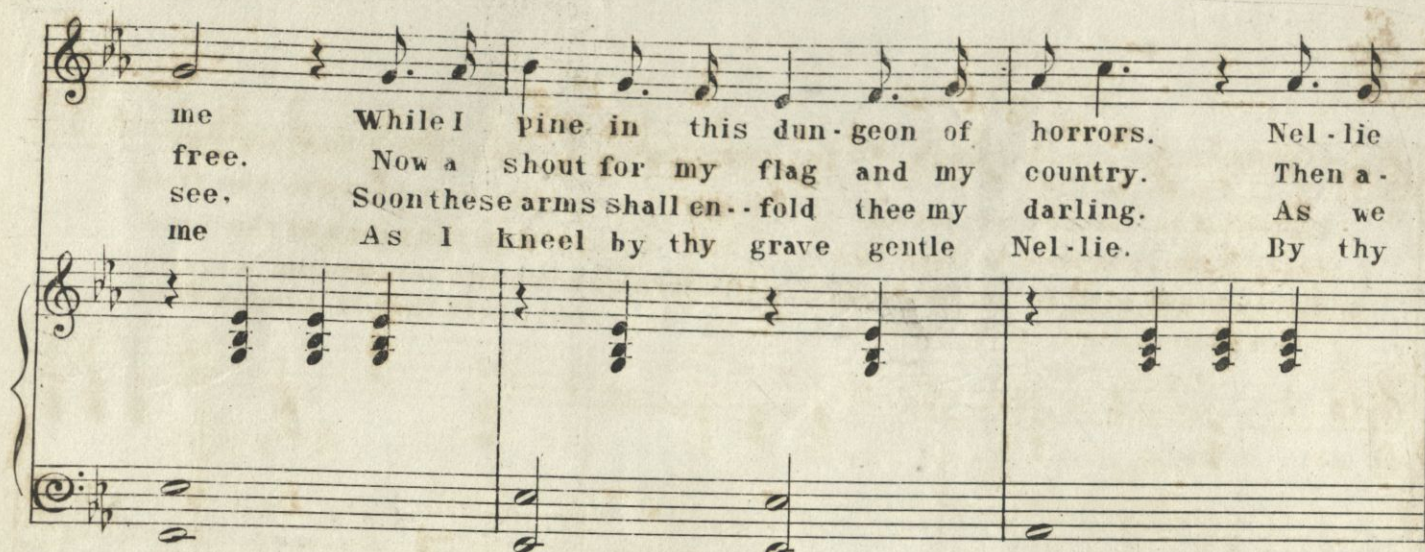
Words and Music by B. R. HANBY.

PIANO.

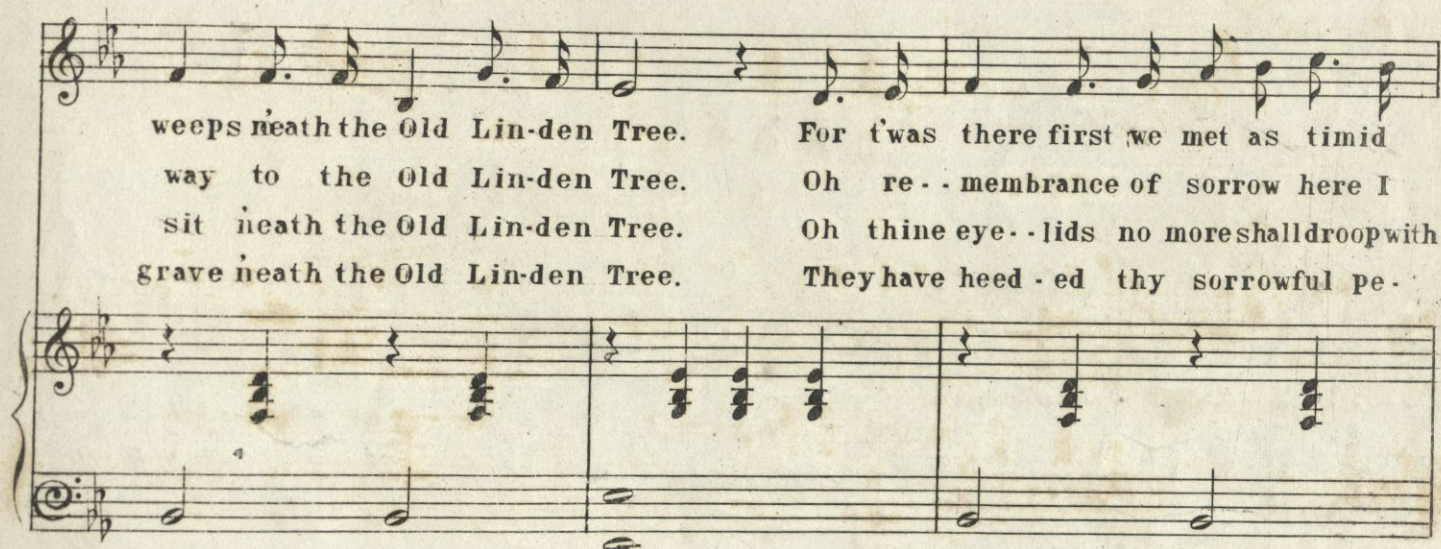


1 In the twi-light my darling is waiting,	And she's long long been waiting for
2 Oh! the spell of the de-mon is broken,	And the prisoner thank heaven is
3 Soon thy glad eye of welcome shall greet me,	Soon thy fai-ry like form I shall
4 'Tis a dark lonely night gentle Nellie,	And this world is a drear world to

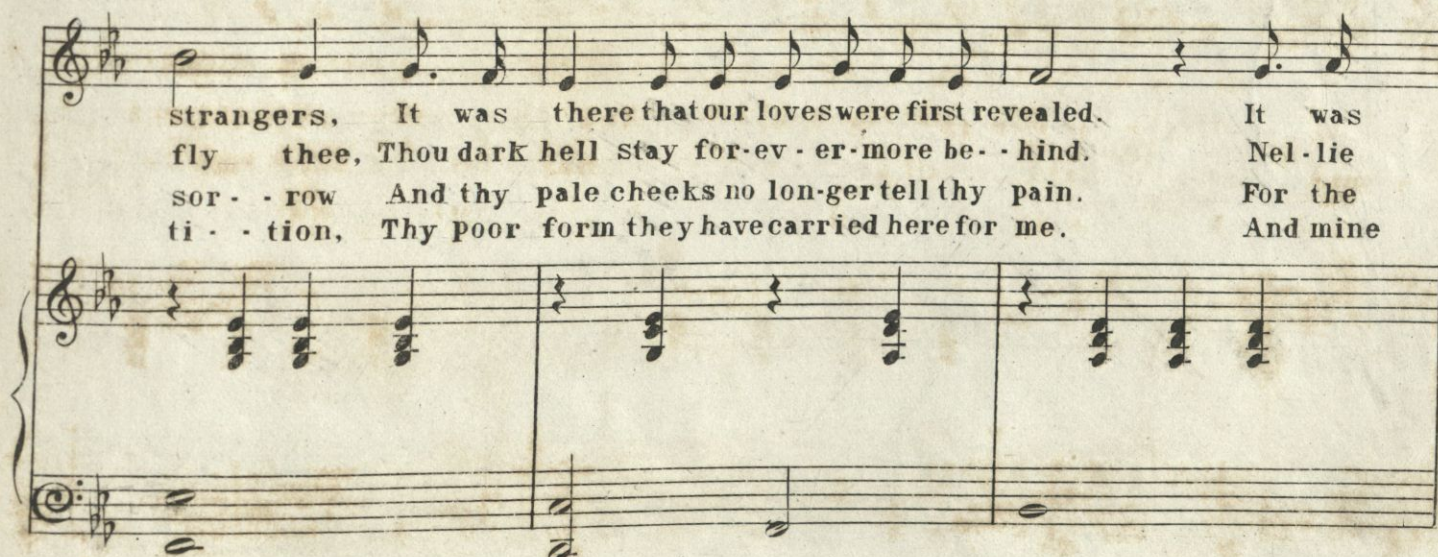




me While I pine in this dun-geon of horrors. Nel-lie
 free. Now a shout for my flag and my country. Then a-
 see. Soon these arms shall en-fold thee my darling. As we
 me As I kneel by thy grave gentle Nel-lie. By thy



weeps neath the Old Lin-den Tree. For 'twas there first we met as timid
 way to the Old Lin-den Tree. Oh re-membrance of sorrow here I
 sit neath the Old Lin-den Tree. Oh thine eye-lids no more shall droop with
 grave neath the Old Lin-den Tree. They have heed-ed thy sorrowful pe-



strangers. It was there that our loves were first revealed. It was
 fly thee, Thou dark hell stay for-ev-er-more be-hind. Nel-lie
 sor-row And thy pale cheeks no long-er tell thy pain. For the
 ti-tion, Thy poor form they have carried here for me. And mine

there that in sadness we parted,
 darling thou'rt heaven be-fore me,
 roses they lost at our parting,
 own soon shall peacefully slumber,

When I sped with my sword to the field.
 And I speed on the wings of the wind.
 Shall come home with our meeting a-gain.
 By thy side n'eath the Old Linden Tree.

C H O R U S

AIR.

FOR FIRST STANZA

Oh..... Nel - lie! an - - gel Nel - lie!

ALTO.

FOR SECOND AND THIRD

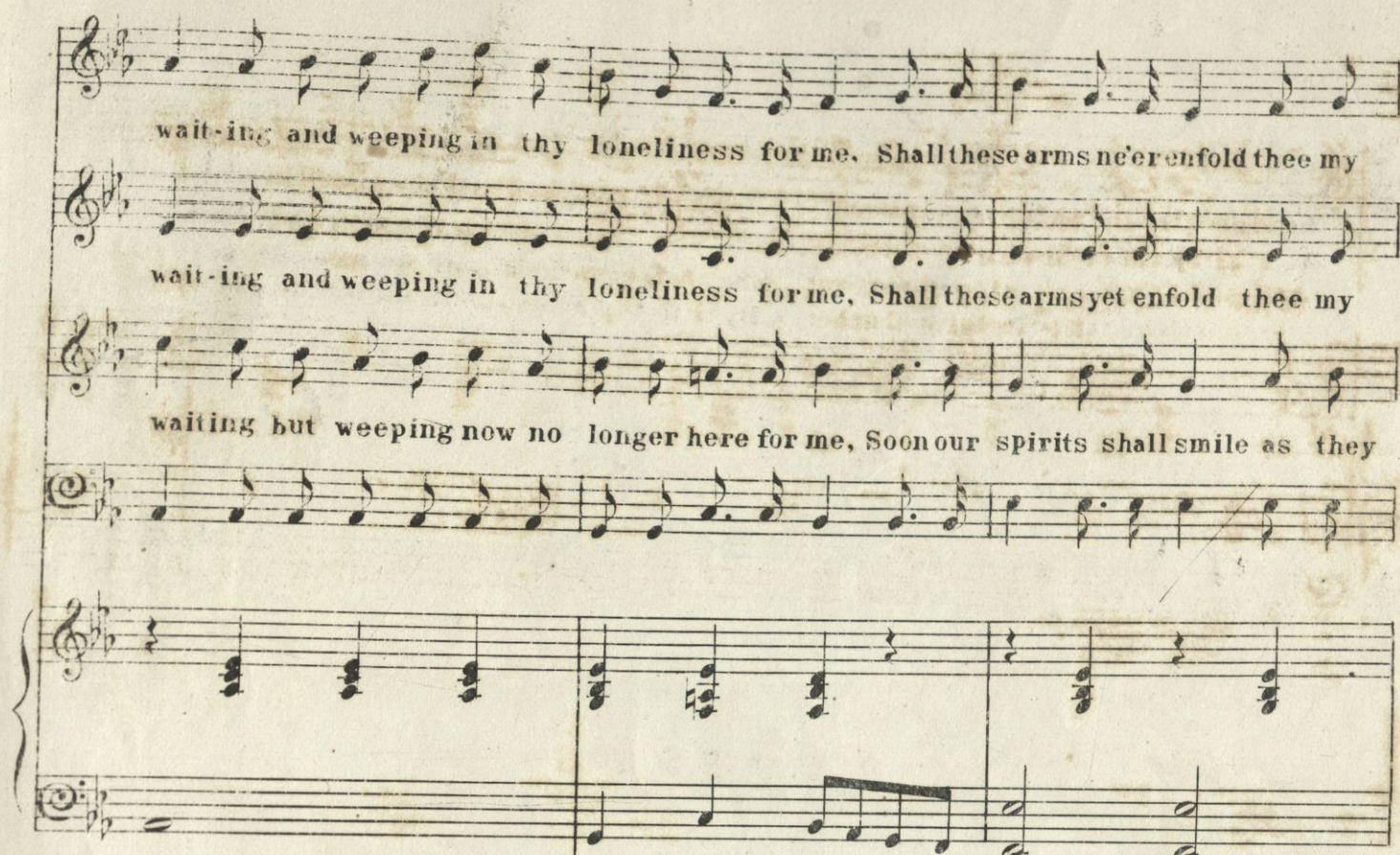
Oh..... Nel - lie! an - - gel Nel - lie!

TENOR.

FOR LAST

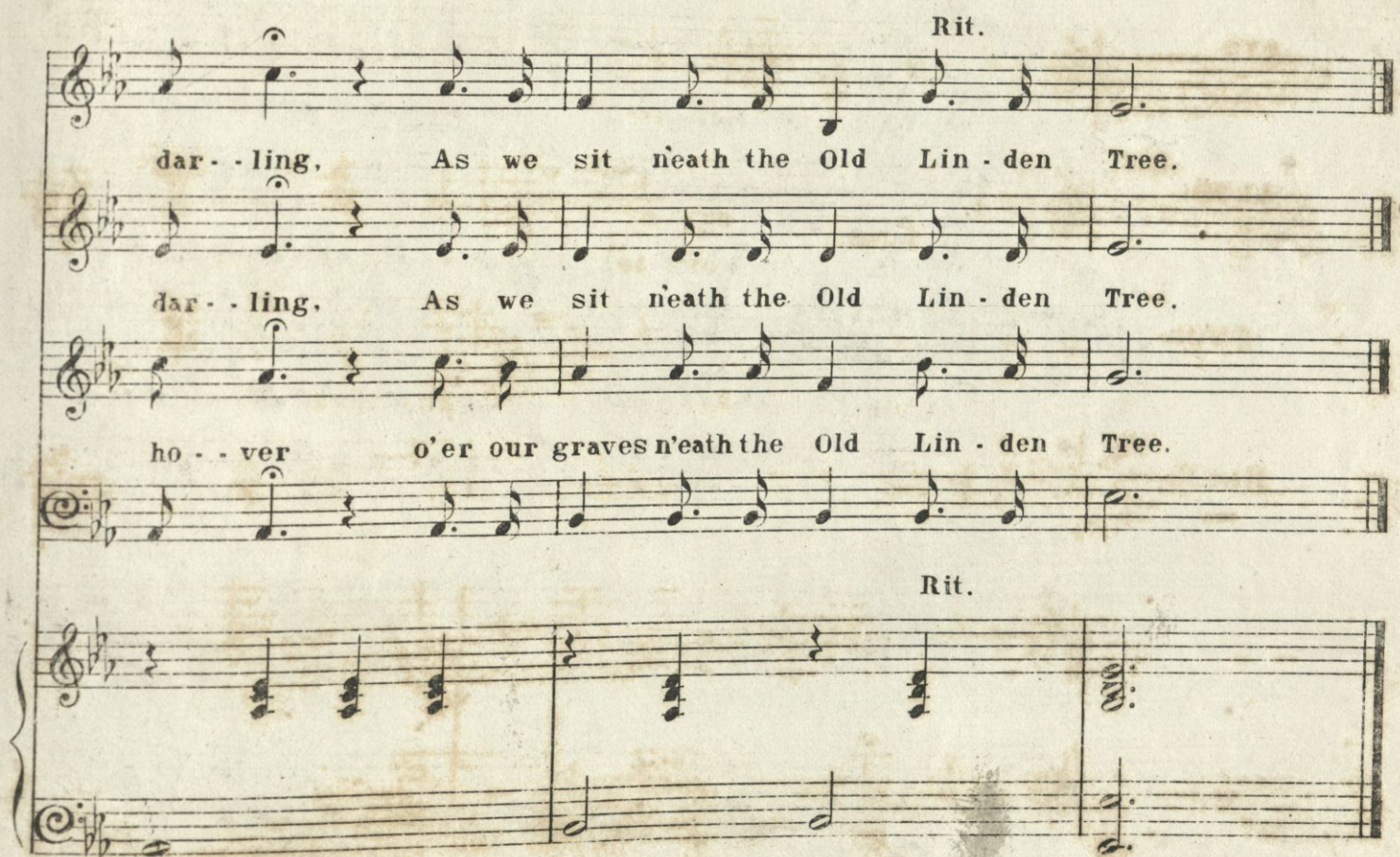
Oh..... Nel - lie! an - - gel Nel - lie!

BASE.



wait-ing and weeping in thy loneliness for me, Shall these arms ne'er enfold thee my
 wait-ing and weeping in thy loneliness for me, Shall these arms yet enfold thee my
 waiting but weeping now no longer here for me, Soon our spirits shall smile as they

Rit.



dar - ling, As we sit neath the Old Lin - den Tree.
 dar - ling, As we sit neath the Old Lin - den Tree.
 ho - - ver o'er our graves neath the Old Lin - den Tree.

Rit.

